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HYMNS
ON
THE PASSION,
AND
FOR LENT.

BY THE
REV. J. S. TUTE.

LONDON:
MASTERS, 33, ALDERSGATE STREET;
AND T. HARRISON, LEEDS.

—
1847.

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THE PASSION.

- 1 Oh! come ye to Gethsemane,
Throw earth and sin aside :
With awe behold His Agony,
And how He meekly died.
- 2 As in a Garden Adam fell,
And all our woes began ;
And miseries of earth and hell
From that sad fountain ran :
- 3 So in a Garden did He deign
His Passion to begin ;
To overthrow the devil's reign,
And conquer him and sin.
- 4 The bloody Sweat, which from His Head
Flowed down abundantly,
To take away that curse was shed,
“ Cursed is the ground for thee.”



47.12.2/1

- 5 And, when He with the Thorns was crowned,
 It was that He might bear
 The curse pronounced upon the ground,
 That thorns should spring up there.
-

- 1 Oh that I might before mine eyes,
 By Faith behold that Sacrifice !
 Trace out Thy blood-stained steps, and see
 All Thy great Love endured for me.
- 2 Oh ! by that bloody sweat, that Thou
 Didst pour from Thy Almighty brow ;
 And by that agony of Soul,
 Thou barest for me, LORD make me whole.
- 3 And by thy deep resigned prayer,
 When none did in Thy sorrow share ;
 By that sad prayer, thrice offered, LORD,
 In sorrow, peace to me afford !
- 4 By Thy betrayal, LORD, by one
 To whom Thou hadst Thy bounty shewn,
 Who oft had heard Thy words of life,
 Keep me, I pray, from evil strife.

- 1 LORD, Thou wast with cords of Love
Bound, our bondage to remove,
Bound, to free from misery,
Bound, to fix our souls on Thee ;
- 2 Bound, with rough and savage bands,
Bound, by sinners' evil hands,
Bound, to set the sinner free,
Bound, and led to mockery ;
- 3 Mocked, and scourged, and spit upon,
Thou bearest these for what I've done ;
Death was my due, O LORD, but Thou
Wouldst thus Thy plenteous Goodness shew.

OUR LORD BEFORE PILATE.

- 1 Dearest LORD, how sad thy woes,
When with fierce inhuman blows
Thy Back divine, was torn ;
When from Thy Head the gushing blood
Streamed in such a plenteous flood
From Thy sharp crown of thorn.

- 2 When crowned, and 'fore the people led,
 Thy awful blood, in glowing red,
 Down Thy pale visage ran ;
 When round in crowds the people flocked,
 To see Thee in the purple mocked ;
 Thou sorrow-bearing MAN !
- 3 When Pilate said, ' behold the MAN !'
 With one accord they all began
 To cry out, ' Crucify !'
 ' The SON of GOD Himself He made :
 We have a law,' the people said,
 ' And by it He must die.'
- 4 Then LORD, Thou wast delivered up,
 To drink Thy bitter, bitter cup ;
 Though Pilate sought to free,
 Thy FATHER's will must needs be done,
 By Thee, His true, obedient SON !
 Praise ! therefore, be to Thee.
-

- 1 O CHRIST ! O JESUS dear !
 How sad, how deep, appear

Thy bitter woes !
 Thine Head with crown of thorn,
 Thy Back with scourges torn,
 With murd'rous blows.

2 Till Thy blood streams around,
 And covers o'er the ground,
 With purple tide.
 Thee blows and spit defiled,
 Yet heavenly JESUS mild !
 Thou didst abide.

3 Betrayed, and left by all,
 By Peter's three-fold fall
 Pained to Thy heart.
 O Lord, how deep ! how vast !
 The sorrows on Thee cast—
 How keen their smart.

4 How are Thy holy feet,
 Dragged rudely through the street ;
 (Those feet of peace.)
 Though Pilate Thee confess'd
 Guiltless, O JESU blest !
 Their taunts ne'er cease.

Oh sacred Head ! rent with the pointed thorn ;
 Oh sacred Hands ! pierced by the rude-sent nails ;
 Oh sacred Back ! in furrows basely torn ;
 Oh sacred Breath ! that now so quickly fails ;
 Oh sacred Heart ! that pourest out the flood
 A double stream, of water and of blood.

Save me, O Lord ! and bid me sympathize,
 And teach me ever on the hallowed wings
 Of holy contemplation to arise,
 And dwell in spirit on these blessed things ;
 Till heart, and mind, and body, JESUS, be
 Filled with this deep stupendous mystery.

CALVARY.

How was His holy body sore defaced
 With the long furrows, that the ploughers make ;
 His head, in mockery, with thorns they haste
 To crown, then bow before a KING so weak.
 Led through the streets, He fainting bore His cross :
 And up the hill of death He meekly went,

(Henceforth the hill of life, for there our loss
Was all redeemed by his body rent.)

There on the bitter wood, the VICTIM bled,
And from his gaping wounds, the fountain pure
For sin and for uncleanness, forth was shed.
A font of cleansing, ever to endure.

PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

RESIGNATION.

- 1 Oh ! teach Thou me to do Thy will,
And sin's vile ways to shun ;
Thy HOLY SPIRIT, LORD, instil,
To say ' Thy will be done.'

- 2 That while on earth, my heavenward race,
Day after day, I run ;
I, strengthened by His holy grace,
May say ' Thy will be done.'

- 3 LORD, perfect in me, all that Thou
 In mercy hast begun ;
 That so, I ever while below,
 May say 'Thy will be done.'
- 4 When sickness comes or sorrow's frown,
 And all earth's joys are gone ;
 Still teach me, LORD, when all has flown,
 To say 'Thy will be done.'
-

SORROW.

- 1 When with sorrow, LORD, I faint
 Beneath Thy chastening rod ;
 Hear Thou, I pray, my sad complaint,
 Oh bounteous, loving God !
- 2 Let Thy SPIRIT's gentle balm
 Assuage my aching breast :
 Infuse a holy, heavenly calm,
 A holy, heavenly rest.

3 When temptation's awful power
 Distracts my care-worn mind,
 Oh! grant me then, in evil hour,
 Thy strengthening Grace to find.

4 Yet, grant me rather sorrow here,
 Than let me wander on
 Without a thought, without a fear,
 Until my day is gone.

1 O HOLY GHOST, Thy Grace instil
 Into my heart, to curb my will,
 To calm my passions, purge my soul,
 The dimness from my eyes to roll.

2 To lead my thoughts to Heaven's height,
 Where Thou to everlasting Light
 Shall safely bring the obedient heart,
 And the full draught of joy impart.

LOVE.

1 LORD of Love, O JESUS dear !

Cleanse my heart from every stain,
From foolish thoughts and purpose vain ;
That 'fore Thee I may appear.

2 May my soul with Love Divine
Burn with ardent, deep desire
(With an everlasting fire)

To live to Thee, Oh SAVIOUR mine !

3 Sweet Thy Love, O LORD most high,
To sickly souls with sin opprest ;
'Tis a holy, happy rest,
And Thou art Joy, when Thou art nigh.

4 Sweet thy Love ! Oh sweeter far
Than all earthly joys can give ;
Then alone we truly live,
When in our hearts Thy Love we bear.

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